

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

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Anathema Maranatha

By the late Dr. H. A. Ironside, Litt.D.
Long Pastor of Moody Memorial Church, Chicago, Illinois

"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha."—I Cor. 16:22.

This is one of the most incisive and challenging statements in all the Bible. Incisive because there is no possibility of misunderstanding it. In the fewest possible words, it declares the inevitable doom of all who do not love the Lord Jesus.

Challenging, first because of its very incisiveness; and second, because of the fact that it contains two untranslated foreign words, Anathema Maranatha, taken from two different languages, and which by their very strangeness compel our attention.

Anathema is Greek and means "accursed," or "devoted to judgment." It is the same word that the apostle uses in Galatians 1:8, 9: "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." The man or angel who misleads others with a false gospel is under the ban of the Eternal God;—Anathema, "accursed," "devoted to judgment." He uses the same word again when speaking of himself: he says, "I could wish that myself were accursed, (Anathema, R. V.) from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." It implies then clearly a definite separation from Christ, banishment from God, without any hope of restoration.

Then the other word, "Maranatha," is a compound word, an Aramaic expression of Chaldean origin, translated "our Lord come!" or "the Lord cometh!" It is a vivid reminder that the rejected Christ is to return in glory as Judge of the living and the dead.

So then the strange compound expression, this Greco-Aramaic term, "Anathema Maranatha," might really be rendered, "devoted to judgment; our Lord cometh." Slightly paraphrasing the entire sentence, it would read, "If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, he will be devoted to judgment at the coming of the Lord." What a tremendously solemn statement and how seriously we should consider it!

Notice that according to this passage unless you are a lover of Christ, unless He is precious to you, you are not really saved; and if you are unregenerated, you do not love Him. More than that, you cannot love Him even if you try. It is not in your power to make yourself love Him. You do not have in your heart one atom of love for Christ in your natural condition. And yet if you do not love Him, you must be accursed at His coming. Could anything be more solemn?

HEY KIDS!

Don't miss the September 7 issue of THE SWORD OF THE LORD. In that issue we are going to begin running the thrilling book, JUNGLE DOCTOR, by Paul White. We believe all the young folks (dads and mothers, too) will enjoy this fascinating tale of life among the missionaries in Africa. Be sure to watch for it.



Dr. H. A. Ironside

The Human Heart

Our Lord Himself sounded all the depths of the human heart, the heart which is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," which God alone really knows. He tells what He found in it, what proceeds out of it, and there

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Travel Notes

From the FAR EAST

By the Editor

Karuizawa, Japan, July 24

My first night in Japan I slept well—after two nights and two days without taking off my clothes, sitting up two nights on planes. Before that my last night was on *The Georgian*, the train from Chattanooga to Chicago. That Japanese bed was good—I slept seven hours without moving, without dreaming. Now I have washed out my shirt, underclothes, and sox, have had my devotions, then breakfast with the fine Tygert missionary family, had worship, and have written Mrs. Rice. Tonight I preach for the first time in Japan, through an interpreter, to some 150 national Japanese pastors gathered at this mountain resort.

Our Pan American clipper plane landed in Tokyo about 9:00 a. m. Monday, some 18 hours after leaving Honolulu in the beautiful Hawaiian Islands. After 9 hours, we stopped at Wake Island, a tiny spot in mid-Pacific belonging to Uncle Sam. There we had refreshments (at 2:00 a. m.), wrote post cards home, and stretched our legs after sitting so long. Then with a new crew and a refueled plane, we left for Tokyo. We left

Honolulu Saturday night at 8:00. Now it was Monday morning! We had crossed the international date line, losing Sunday altogether. Going back we will gain a day, have two Sundays (since I leave here on Sunday night).

Arriving at Tokyo, I went through customs as easily as going into Canada or back to the States, was treated efficiently and courteously. Missionary Fred Jarvis and Ito San (Mr. Ito) met me. We drove to the Korean Embassy where with some waiting and explaining I got a visa to enter Korea next Saturday. Then to a Russian restaurant for lunch (since it serves European food, not Japanese). Then to The Evangelical Alliance Mission compound.

At 2:40 we started for this mountain resort where conferences are to be held this week for national pastors. (Room for 150, but 350 applied.) Brother Fred Jarvis drove the jeep station wagon. Mr. Ito slept, I held on! Streets and highways are narrow, with homes and shops a yard from the gutter. The way was crowded with

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Third Prize Winner in Annual Sword Evangelistic Sermon Contest

ONE MORE NIGHT With the Frogs

By Evangelist Hugh F. Pyle

1721 So. Gordon St., S.W., Atlanta 10, Georgia

"And Moses said unto Pharaoh, Glory over me: when shall I intreat for thee, and for thy servants, and for thy people, to destroy the frogs from thee and thy houses, that they may remain in the river only? And he said, To morrow."—Exod. 8:9, 10.

The frogs were everywhere! Frogs in the bedroom, frogs in the kitchen, frogs in the parlor, frogs in the oven, frogs in the kneadingtroughs! God had said, "If thou refuse to let them [the children of Israel] go, behold I will smite all thy borders with frogs!" (Exod. 8:2). God keeps His word! Look at that Egyptian woman opening her oven; she screams!—

out jump frogs! There's a fellow pulling down the sheets to get into a comfortable bed, and—frogs are his bedfellows! Another is putting on his clothes: what's that in the pockets? Frogs! See those Egyptian boys kicking along the roads to school, squashing frogs (instead of mud) between their toes! Frogs in the palace, and frogs in the hut of squalor. Little frogs, big frogs! The din must have been deafening! Frogs in the house, frogs in the yard—thousands of dead frogs heaped up in smelly mountains as millions more come from the rivers to take their places! Finally Pharaoh could stand it no longer. He called

for Moses, the servant of God. "Intreat the Lord, that he may take away the frogs from me, and from my people; and I will let the people go, that they may do sacrifice unto the Lord!"

Moses must have been overjoyed. At last Pharaoh had made up his mind. At last Pharaoh was to be converted! So Moses said, "Glory over me: when shall I intreat for thee, and for thy servants, and for thy people, to destroy the frogs from thee and thy houses, that they may remain in the river only?"

And Pharaoh said "To morrow"! I have never been able to figure that one out! Frogs in his food, frogs in his bed, frogs in his clothes, frogs all over the house—and God was ready to remove the frogs instantly: the decision was up to Pharaoh. And he said, "To morrow!"—"Give me one more night with the frogs!" Why could he have possibly chosen one more night with those frogs?

Pharaoh was a sinner and a type of sinners. Rebellious, proud, fleshly, godless, he was a good picture of the sinner today, the lost man outside of Christ. God had warned him. But like sinners today he stubbornly refused to obey God. So the frogs came. The frogs came because of his sin. Even so, for sin we are plagued today! Troubles, doubts, burdens, sufferings. Sickness, sorrows, fears, perplexities. Disappointments, heartaches,—frogs, all of them! Frogs of difficulty and grief on every hand, directly or indirectly because of our sins! But God loves us and is ready to remove the frogs that plague us because of our sins. But like Pharaoh, most of us say, "To morrow! Give me one more night with the frogs!"

Pharaoh said, "To morrow." But "the Holy Ghost saith, To day if ye will hear his voice, Harden not your hearts!" (Heb. 3:7, 8). Think of it: Pharaoh said, "To morrow"! The Holy Ghost saith, "Today!"

We are famous for what we are going to do TOMORROW!

Preach to the Christian about full surrender. He knows he should. He admits that he is bought with a price (I Cor. 6:20). He knows a consecrated, Spirit-filled life is the only honest thing a Christian can offer to God. So he plans to surrender, he plans to break with the world, he intends to become a soul winner—TOMORROW! Always tomorrow! "Give me one more night with the frogs, one more night with



my defeated, wasted Christian life!"

Plead with the backslider to come back to God. He will usually admit, "Well, preacher, I surely ought to do that. God knows I've known nothing but misery and grief since I went back on God. I'm fed up with this wretched life. I've had sickness, sorrow, trouble, and defeat since I got out of fellowship with the Lord. I'm through. I'm coming back to God!" And you say, "That's wonderful. Let us just

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Evangelist Hugh F. Pyle

Segregation Pamphlet Available

Editor's Recent Article on the Race Question Has Been Put Into Pamphlet Form Due to Popular Demand. Only 15c Per Copy

The July 6 issue of THE SWORD OF THE LORD carried a full-length editorial by Dr. John R. Rice on the question of negro and white integration. Letters both pro and con came in from all sections of the country indicating a very widespread interest in the subject from the Christian standpoint.

So many letters insisting that it be made available in a more permanent form for a wider distribution led us to include it in our 15c series of pamphlets. Under the title, "NEGRO AND WHITE: Segregation—Right or Wrong? How Much? How Soon? Principles and Problems in the Light of God's Word," the pamphlet

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Travel Notes

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bicycles, motor bikes, small three-wheel trucks, big trucks, and cars, in that order of frequency. There were probably three times as many bicycles as trucks and cars. Many bicycles pulled trailers or carried loads on behind. People walked, children ran on the edges of the highway.

Everyone blows horns furiously, repeatedly, drives faster than would seem possible in such congestion on such narrow roads.

Japan, a Great Nation, Must Be Evangelized

Tokyo is one of the great cities of the world, with over 8 million people. Japan has been brought from isolation and ignorance and provincialism in slightly over fifty years. Already they make their own machinery, cars, trucks, fine scientific equipment. In cameras, sewing machines, toys, china, textiles, and many other fields, they are competing with the greatest industrial nations—the U. S., England, Germany, and Russia.

Japan almost conquered Asia. She has a destiny to be fulfilled. Will it be communism? Or will it be atheistic humanism, secular life and scholarship? Oh, may God help us evangelize Japan!

I felt led of God to make this missionary journey to see what I could do to help stir revival fires and help win the unsaved millions of this great nation.

In the great United Church of Japan, I am told there is a net loss of church members, year after year. The evangelical believers are scattered in small groups. God can bring nation-wide revival to Japan. Who will pray? Will you?

LATER:

Meeting With Japanese Christian Leaders

After starting these notes I was called to meet with the executive committee of pastors for this conference. Their graciousness and brotherly kindness were unspeakably sweet to this foreign brother.

Brother Fred Jarvis, missionary leader of the group, had supposed that I would speak each evening, then speak at street meetings and taste actual soul-winning missionary work each afternoon. But this executive committee asked me to speak to the pastors three times daily—morning, afternoon, and evening. But what of the national pastors scheduled to speak? They would each preside at various services; all wanted to hear me speak.

With many smiles and kind words, the good pastors told how they had read *THE SWORD OF THE LORD* six years. One distinguished man, president of his denomination, told what blessing *THE SWORD* brought. But he must sometimes get a dictionary, he said, to see what a word meant, and sometimes had his son, with an M. A. degree from Columbia University, New York, to read it to him. Another brother, with a Ph. D. from Stanford University, California, interpreted for us. These men who read English do not all speak it as fluently as they do their

own language, so an interpreter helps.

Then a brother, speaking with great earnestness, said he thought this group of evangelical Japanese pastors should plan a nation-wide celebration for 1959, the centennial of the beginning of Protestant mission work in Japan. Would I plan now to return for two or three months, to hold united revival campaigns in principal cities from one end of Japan to the other?

I was reminded that over 2½ million copies of the booklet, "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" had been printed and circulated and read in Japan; that seven other books and pamphlets have been widely spread in Japanese; that my sermons have been read by hundreds of leading Christians of Japan for six years.

The committee was of one mind. Brother Fred Jarvis was deeply moved. It would take years of preparation, would take money for a vast literature program. It would need a large tent, sound trucks, tracts, radio time, advertising, workers. But all of us felt God had not brought me to Japan for one brief visit only. All agreed that the theme of revival in Japan should be the theme of this pastors' meeting this week, for much prayer and planning.

Pastors at Karuizawa Need More Beds

Plans were made to care for 150 Japanese pastors at this conference. But when inquiry was made, 350 wanted to come! Rice is still rationed in Japan, so each pastor brings his own rice. Mats, like narrow thick quilts, are rented. One on the floor makes a bed; another is used for covering. Beside the first 150, others were told that if they could provide accommodations, they would be welcome.

Japanese people do not wear their shoes indoors. So I am learning to leave my shoes at the door. Usually cloth slippers are provided for wear inside homes. Those provided are usually too small for my size 10½ feet. Japanese men are not so large, usually. The missionaries in their homes follow the same custom.

I eat at the home of Missionary Earl Tygert, where I am wonderfully well cared for.

Karuizawa is a mountain resort 95 miles northwest of Tokyo. It is at an altitude of 3,400 feet so is cool and comfortable when Tokyo is hot. It took us 4½ hours by jeep station wagon. The train takes less time. In the last six miles the train has three electric engines, climbs 1,800 feet, goes through 26 mountain tunnels. At this same town will be the large Evangelical Missionaries' Bible Conference at which I am to speak also, August 6-12.

(Continued next column)



Pictured above is a portion of the large crowd of nearly 100 friends and relatives who gathered at Chicago's famous Midway Airport to bid "bon voyage" to Dr. Rice as he left on the first leg of his journey to

Japan and Korea. The group met a little before midnight at the airport to sing, pray and read telegrams to the editor from members of the Sword Co-operating Board.

Written July 26 at Karuizawa Mountain Resort, 95 Miles North West of Tokyo

It is Thursday afternoon in this week of conference with national pastors of many denominations in Japan. I am to be here tomorrow, and then to Tokyo, where at 9 a.m. Saturday, July 28, I take a plane for Korea as a guest of Tom Watson, Jr., and other missionaries and Army Chaplains for eight days. Then back here to Karuizawa August 7-12 for the Evangelical Mission Association of Japan (EMAJ) missionary conference, and then, Lord willing, home!

The Problems of Speaking Through an Interpreter

This is my first experience in speaking through an interpreter. Those who know how rapidly I speak will realize the problem of chopping a sermon into short sentences, and waiting while I have it translated by the interpreter into another language. I have felt greatly handicapped, but can see God is graciously blessing.

At first it was expected that I should speak twice daily, and with prayer meetings, business meetings, and committee meetings, twice daily ought to be enough; but the executive committee urged me to speak three times daily. Later I was asked to speak again as some missionaries had read, *The Home, Courtship and Marriage*, and felt greatly the need for a message on the home, family worship, the rearing of children, etc. They asked me to put on a special service to preach on the Christian Home at 1 p.m. After a lunch we rushed back to the Chapel building and God graciously blessed. It was soul thrilling to see those pastors and wives and other Christian workers standing together to take vows to have thorough Christian homes. That service ran till 3 p.m., but they insisted on me speaking again this afternoon. After I had dictated a letter I went back to the chapel, when after a brief song service and prayer meeting I spoke to those hungry souls on, "Ye have not because ye ask not" (James 4:2).

I have just left that group still in prayer after 3 services today, while I write these Travel Notes, then I will speak again, Lord willing, tonight. Oh, may revival fires break out in the hearts and ministries of these Japanese pastors!

The Missionaries, God Bless Them!

I have known many missionaries, but never any finer set of spiritual, consecrated missionaries than these. Here at Karuizawa, Brother Fred Jarvis, a missionary with TEAM, The Evangelical Alliance Mission, and Youth for Christ, has been led of God to do an

amazing work of soul winning, mission literature in many countries, and wide-spread evangelism in Japan and Korea. He is the head of this New Life League which sponsored this National Pastors' Conference. He is a fervent, sacrificing, energetic brother with the hand of God upon him.

The conference is being held on the grounds of the Karuizawa Bible Institute, lead by missionary E. F. Tygert. Here they are training young men and women for the rural areas as soul winners. Brother Tygert is a graduate of Princeton Seminary and Prairie Bible Institute, is a gifted man of God, and a spiritual leader, and without a doubt God will do great things through him. It has been a peculiar joy to be a guest in the home of this delightful missionary family while speaking at the pastors' evangelistic conference. Quite a number of other missionaries are here, eager for a brief respite from the heat of Tokyo, in these cool mountains. All of those here at the Bible Institute are here in connection with this Japanese conference. I have delighted in the fellowship of brethren Kenney Joseph, Carl Harrigan, and Gerry Johnson, and two distinguished lady missionaries, Miss Frances and Mrs. Dievendorf, and the Dave Durands. Mrs. Durand is writing this for me.

Plans for a Rural Campaign to Celebrate a Century of Protestant Missions in Japan

In 1859 Protestant missionaries first came to Japan. In three years the first century of Protestant missions will be finished. Some of these pastors here are burdened to have a celebration by evangelicals (not by modernists), which could be used to help bring nation-wide revival to Japan. As the matter was discussed among the brethren, it was greeted with a holy burst of enthusiasm. The executive committee urged me to return in 1959 for a period of two or three months to preach in principal cities of Japan. Then it will be the responsibility of evangelists and pastors to carry the revival fires to every village, small city, every mountain hamlet, and every rural area.

The brethren have elected a Japanese national, educated in America, with a Ph.D., from Stanford University, to be the executive secretary of the movement. It is planned immediately to raise \$1,000 as expense money for pastors who will preach during the revival campaign in desolate unevangelized areas. Sound trucks,

helpers and literature will be made available for that purpose. I have promised to help raise such funds for rural evangelization. The thousand dollars is needed at once!

It has been suggested that at least 1 million tracts per year be distributed during the next three years. Readers will remember that already 2½ million copies of this editor's tract, "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" have been distributed in Japan. I estimate that \$7,000 or \$8,000 will be needed for another million copies and I hope God will lay it on the hearts of people to help.

Today one of the Tokyo pastors leaving to speak at another conference, a man who has been very influential in suggesting and pushing the plans for a great soul-winning centennial of Protestant missions, wrung my hand and promised to pray for me every day, and begged me to pray for him, as I earnestly plan to do. I have been preaching hard on soul winning to pastors who have not been seeing many saved. He said to me on the verge of tears, "I will do my best to win souls."

Our brother Fred Jarvis stated that he hoped to send evangelists into rural areas in 1957-58 for revival campaigns in Japan, leading toward the climactic nation-wide revival hoped for in 1959.

Please Pray for This Editor

Today as I meditated and prayed, I said to myself, "The burdens upon me are almost unbearable," then I shamed myself and said, "They would be unbearable if I had to bear them alone, but Christ Jesus carries the burden," and so I ask all of you *SWORD* readers, beloved friends, to pray for me. Tremendous plans are being made for *THE SWORD OF THE LORD* in the future, but without direct guidance, without God's promises, and without the loyal help from God's people, I would only despair. So I beg you in Jesus' name, pray today for me and for *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*.

Many thousands of you should send in gift subscriptions to *THE SWORD OF THE LORD* or renew your subscriptions. During August you receive *THE SWORD OF THE LORD* at the August Sale price of \$2 a year in the United States and \$2.50 in Canada and foreign countries. Renew your own subscription also at this special rate. I beg you to make my heart glad on my return to America by letting me find thousands of renewed subscriptions.

We have on hand a good many sets of Spurgeon's sermons, 20 large volumes to a set. We are offering these sets, selling at \$59 each, absolutely free with 30 sub-

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AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING REVIVAL WEEKLY

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GRACE NOTES

By Grace Rice MacMullen

There is never a day so weary,
There is never a night so long,
But the soul that is trusting Jesus
Can somewhere find a song.

Wonderful, wonderful Jesus,
In the heart He implanteth a song:
A song of deliverance, of courage, of strength,
In the heart He implanteth a song.

Is there a song in your heart today?

"Not today!" somebody says.
"I'm too tired to sing today. I'm too tired to think, even. It is really discouraging to be so weary."

"Don't expect me to sing today! The night has been long and the darkness oppressive. Grief has taken the place of song in my heart; disappointment chokes back the music."

"I'm too busy even to think about a song—don't expect me to have a song in my heart when things are this hectic!"

What about it—is there a song in your heart? Or is there misery, grief, loneliness, frustration, disappointment, discouragement? Is there a day too weary for song, or is Annie B. Russell right in the words above? For the Christian, there is never a day so dreary, a night so long, that there isn't a song somewhere, if we only find it. For a Christian, in whose heart Christ has planted a song, ought never to be without the melody of His love and His care ringing in the arches of the soul.

If a Christian is defeated and sad and songless, it is because he doesn't have his antenna tuned in the right direction! He is listening to the rumbling of the world, and not to the clear sweet message God is sending. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"—surely the most beautiful music in the world!

Why do we let worldly static and selfish interference distort the song of faith and hope God sends us? Why do we look at small things, unimportant things, instead of into His face?

This song of His—you can't hear it if you're talking. You can't hear Him if you're listening to someone else. And you can't hear Him if you're deafened by a noisy ego making plans out loud. The song He gave may be in your heart, but you won't hear it unless you listen!

I like the little verse Mary Helen Anderson wrote . . . I need it often, and I think all of us could place it in a prominent spot on memory's wall:

We mutter and sputter,
We fume and we spurt;
We mumble and grumble,
Our feelings are hurt;
We can't understand things,
Our vision grows dim,
When all that we need is
A moment with Him!

If you've been letting your song get a little bit faint . . . the melody weak and the words drowned out, it would be good to stop right now and take a few minutes to make a better contact with the Maker of Songs. Let Him give you the right song, even if it's in a minor key for that grief you're bearing, that worry that won't go away. Let Him handle the frustrations and disappointments, and show you how bright tomorrow is. Whether the song soars in beauty or throbs in darkness, let it be His song you carry in your heart, planted deep and firm to sustain you.

God gives songs of joy. But there are other kinds of song, too, and sometimes we need songs of consolation, of comfort.

He is the one who "giveth songs in the night." The psalmist said, "Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

We are to have a song in our hearts, when He saves us, but there is more. We are to have that song

WITH THE Evangelists

REPORTS FROM AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING SOUL WINNERS

By the Editor

(NOTE: We are happy to publish honest reports of blessed revivals from trustworthy evangelists and churches. However, if you send us your report for publication, PLEASE give exact statistics, as far as possible, concerning conversions, rededications, additions, etc., or we may not print it. We especially appreciate reports from pastors and chairmen of union campaigns.)

Rev. Benjamin F. Atkins, pastor of the Northport Baptist Church, Northport, Alabama, reports a blessed revival with **EVANGELIST JIMMY O'QUINN**, P. O. Box 711, Garland, Texas, and his singer, Johnny Bisagno, from Tulsa, Oklahoma. The pastor called it the best revival of his 28-year pastorate there and reports that older members said they had never seen larger crowds at a religious service in the city. In the eight days there were 41 additions to the church, 32 which were by baptism, 65 members pledging to tithe, 34 pledging to start a family altar and 2 other professions of faith in Christ who did not join the church.

EVANGELIST FREDDIE GAGE, 7709 Bearden Lane, Dallas, Texas, and singer Jimmy Snellen, recently led an eight-day revival at the Central Baptist Church, Springhill, Louisiana. Rev. Dean Elkins, pastor. Pastor Elkins called it the greatest meeting he had experienced in his 25 years of ministry. There were 65 additions to the church, 44 of which were upon profession of faith, 41 families pledged to begin family altars, 46 pledged to visit each Friday and more than 100 came for assurance or for rededication. A new Sunday School record was set with 771 persons the closing Sunday.

EVANGELIST ERNIE TONETTI, 2239 South 15th Street, Phila-

delphia 45, Pennsylvania, reports that he led the Church of the Open Bible of Silver Spring, Maryland, in a tent campaign recently where there were 10 first-time professions of faith and 29 various decisions among Christians. Rev. Walter Kirk is pastor of the church.

In our mouth, so that others can hear and be blessed, too! "He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto my God; many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord," says Psalm 40:3. If the song in our hearts bursts forth from our lips, others will trust in the Lord, too! A melody is catching and none more infectious than a heart-song of praise to God!

Do we really obey His command to sing forth a new song, a song of salvation? Let's try to keep the song flowing in our hearts—and then to let it flow out to others, as He has commanded!

"Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth" (Isa. 42:10). Let's be singing Christians!

EVANGELIST JOSEPH BROOKSHIRE, Box 431, Lexington, Kentucky, reports that he has recently held city-wide meetings in Camden and Bridgeton, New Jersey, and single church revivals at Norfolk, Virginia; Lebanon, Kentucky; and Panama, New

York. In these meetings there was a total of 170 first-time decisions for Christ.

One More Night With the Frogs

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The soul winner says, "Why not come to Jesus? He will forgive your sin, He will solve your problems, He will lift your burdens. He will save your soul!" And the sinner often will admit that what you say is true. He ought to be saved, and he's going to be—TOMORROW!

Jesus had an experience with three of these "tomorrow" men in Luke, chapter 9. One fellow said, "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest!" That was a daring promise, wasn't it? But when Jesus said, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," the man is heard from no more. He had not thought of sacrifice and privation. So it is "one more night" on my comfortable "Beautyrest" at home!

He said to another, "Follow me" (vs. 59). But he said, "Lord, suffer me first . . . (right there was his trouble—'me first!')." "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." Now, there is nothing wrong with burying one's father—if he is dead; but the point is Jesus should come ahead of every other affection. And I have an idea this man's father was not dead. I have known many people who were more devoted to their parents or other relatives than they were to Christ; more concerned about pleasing man than God! Many use the Lord's Day to take off on an exodus from church and from God. Back to the old homestead, back to "lazy around," eating and gossiping on the Lord's Day while their souls shrivel up! "Suffer me first!" And you know, I have seen some of those people have to literally bury their parents or a little baby or someone else dear before they would ever surrender to the Lord and get right! So, Jesus said to this man, "Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." And this man goes back for "one more night" with the tombstones and mortuaries of this world! Jesus can use only those who are willing to put God first, and He can save only those who truly repent.

The third would-be disciple volunteered, "Lord, I will follow thee; but . . ." This "but" was his trouble! Commenting on this verse Walter Hughes says there are so many "buts" around the average church you would think you were in a goat pen instead of a sheep fold! Every pastor has heard them: "I would sing in the choir, but . . ." "I would come to church regularly, but . . ." "I would repent and be saved, but . . ." "I would hear this from both saint and sinner, 'I will follow thee; but!'" So, this man said, "I will follow thee, but let me first . . . (here we go again—'me first!')." That is why millions are still slaves to self and sin and Satan. How foolish to call Jesus 'Lord' in one breath and plead for 'me first' in the next! He said, "... let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house." Jesus knew his family better than

children in the service of the Lord who were trained and who met their husbands on Bob Jones University campus. We can't begin to tell you all of the streams of influence that have gone out from the University I founded about thirty years ago.

Now, you folks who have prayed for us and who have helped us contact these young people who have attended the University and who have invested some money in the work of the school have a share in all that has been accomplished in the institution. We do thank you so much, and I know you are happy that you had some part in this work. Won't you continue to help us? We hope you will. Won't you who have not invested money in the school make an investment and help us carry on? We will be so happy to hear from you. Don't forget to keep praying for us. Thank you and God bless you.

BOB JONES, FOUNDER
BOB JONES UNIVERSITY
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(Advertisement)

Interpreter's Bible Articles

Continued Next Week

Don't miss the third important article by Evangelist Robert L. Sumner exposing the blasphemous *Interpreter's Bible*. You will want to read all seven parts of this series. We're sorry, but lack of space forced us to hold this week's installment until next week.

EVANGELIST T. W. WILSON, 114 N. Roberta Avenue, Dothan, Alabama, led the New Life Crusade at Burnside, Michigan, sponsored by the Fishermen's Clubs of Marlette and Brown City. The 60' by 90' tent was erected at a crossroads five miles from the nearest town. Capacity crowds attended many week night services and approximately 2000 people

(Continued on page 4)

that man did, and knew (evidently) that if that crowd ever got hold of him they would talk him out of his decision. So Jesus said unto him, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God!" There is many a sinner like that man today: "Lord, I'm going to follow you, but let me have just one more fling, one more night at the country club, or the card table, or the dance hall, or the beer tavern"; just "one more night with the frogs!" And the 'one more night' stretches out into terrible, endless night, in "the blackness of darkness forever!"

I like what Rebekah said when she was faced with the decision of immediately deciding about going with the servant of Abraham to become the bride of Isaac. (Just like the sinner is faced with the decision about breaking with the past and going to Him who is our heavenly Isaac, the Lord Jesus Christ!) The servant of Abraham had been led to Rebekah. Rebekah had drawn water for the man and for his camels also, (one girl who won a husband by hard work) and by this the faithful servant knew he had found the right girl. Rebekah and her family had seen some of the jewels which represented the great wealth of Isaac. They were sold on it. Rebekah ought to go and become the bride of Isaac. But that night Rebekah's mother and her big brother, Laban, got their heads together. The conversation must have run something like this: "Look here, now

(Continued on page 6)

Travel Notes

(Continued from page 2)

scriptions to THE SWORD OF THE LORD at \$2.50 per year, (50c per year extra in Canada and foreign countries).

Remember September 23 is "Sword Sunday" for many. Will you not observe Sword Sunday in your church? Give out free samples, and give a 3-5 minute talk on THE SWORD OF THE LORD, and send in subscriptions. Free samples are available.

God sent me out on this missionary tour, and I feel greatly led of God that blessing and eternal results will proceed from it; but it would break my heart if I returned to the USA and found God's work and THE SWORD OF THE LORD had suffered in my absence. But surely you will not let that happen. Please pray for me daily!

More later! God bless every reader. Please send in subscriptions!

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A Wonderful Opportunity for Churches Needing New Hymnbooks to Get them FREE on "Sword Sunday," September 23rd.

By Evangelist Robert L. Sumner, Associate Editor

No pastor needs to be sold on the importance of the right songbook with the type of words and music which will prepare his people for his message! A few years back, The Sword of the Lord Foundation published a book of "Songs of the Old-Time Faith," entitled, *Sword of the Lord Revival Songs*. This book has an ideal blend of old-time favorites and new hymns with a spiritual message.

This article will be of special interest to any church or evangelist who needs new books or would like a gospel songbook for special occasions. This book is an excellent compilation of 181 choice songs and really fills the bill! There are 30 hymns, 75 Gospel songs, 10 songs especially for the choir, 20 different invitation songs, and 31 choruses, including 5 by Dr. John R. Rice and 1 by Dr. Bill Rice. Some of the popular choruses found in this book include "Everybody Ought to Know," "God Can Do Anything But Fail," "The Windows of Heaven Are Open," "Souls Are Dying," "The Price of Revival," and "For God So Loved the World." The choruses and special songs are in a separate section at the back of the book for easy reference. The songbook is printed on fine quality paper, has a durable maroon leatherette cover.

How to Get 100 Copies

We will gladly give 100 copies of this songbook for every 25 subscriptions to THE SWORD OF THE LORD sent in as a result of a "Sword Sunday" observance in your church, if the subscriptions are taken at their regular \$2.50 rate. We will give 50 of the songbooks if you are able to get only 15 subscriptions. If you cannot observe "Sword Sunday" on September 23rd, a Sunday around that day will be a satisfactory substitute. We will furnish absolutely free all the sample copies and subscription envelopes that you will need.

However, we must insist that you take three or four minutes in one of the principal services of the day to tell about the paper. We will also furnish free helpful information to use in describing THE SWORD OF THE LORD at that time. We also insist that the sample copies be given to the people present so that a copy is furnished every family. Furthermore, the church must agree to have some responsible person in charge of receiving the subscriptions the day the samples are distributed and that this individual be publicly identified for the convenience of the people. It should not be hard to get 25 subscriptions at the regular rates when the people realize they are working for such a worthy premium as songbooks for their own use.

Other "Sword Sunday" Offers

For those not interested in new songbooks, we have several other alternatives. First, we have a goodly number of *Spurgeon's Sermons* . . . *Memorial Library* left in our stock from our recent subscription drive. It would be a wonderful opportunity for a pastor to earn a complete 20-volume set, worth \$59, in a single day! For 30 subscriptions at the regular \$2.50 rate, we will give this wonderful set by the great Charles Haddon Spurgeon, known the world around as "the Prince of Preachers." It might be that the

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church would like to send 30 subscriptions in order to get the set for its own library.

Second, we will give you, if you prefer, your choice of \$50 worth of outstanding Christian books for 30 subscriptions to THE SWORD OF THE LORD at the regular price of \$2.50 per year. These books must be selected from our retail catalog or a special list which we have prepared. If you are interested in this plan we will gladly send you the 1956-57 retail catalog which is now available and a mimeographed sheet of additional titles from which you may make your book selections. Pastors should be interested in this plan and it is also ideal for churches seeking to build Sunday School or church libraries.

Third, for churches who want to make sure that as many get THE SWORD OF THE LORD as possible, rather than earning some premium for themselves, they may take subscriptions at the low, cut-rate, bargain price of only \$1.50 per year.

Of course, on all the subscriptions at any price, Canadian and foreign subscriptions are 50c extra each because of additional postage charges. It must be remembered also that on the subscriptions for premiums, a 3-years-for-\$5 subscription counts only as one subscription toward the premium.

Surely one of these four offers will fit your need and you will be glad to co-operate with us in spreading the blessing of the greatest evangelistic paper in the world by observing a "Sword Sunday" on September 23rd. Now, so that we can rush your free sample copies, envelopes, and the information for presenting the paper to your people, please sign the coupon below and mail it today.

Editor John R. Rice
Sword of the Lord
214 West Wesley, Wheaton, Illinois

Dear Brother Rice:

Yes, we will observe "SWORD OF THE LORD Sunday" in _____ Church at _____ on Sunday, September 23. We now agree to the following plan:

1. We will have a short talk of from three to five minutes about THE SWORD OF THE LORD in one of the two principal services of the day, either by the pastor or some other leader agreed upon who will show the paper and tell why people should subscribe.

2. We will give out freely to every family present who wishes it a sample copy of THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

3. We will appoint a reliable person to receive the subscriptions in the services or following the service and to send them in to THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

Please send us the following:

_____ sample copies of THE SWORD.

_____ subscription envelopes on which people may write their names and addresses and enclose the money for convenience.

We agree to observe "Sword Sunday" because we think it is right and will honor Jesus Christ, and we will faithfully try to make the observance a success and a blessing.

We intend to work for the following:

- ☐ Spurgeon's Sermons ☐ Sword Songbooks
☐ \$50 worth of free books ☐ Reduced \$1.50 rate

Signed _____

Position in the Church? _____

Address _____

Don't Stay With the Frogs

By Evangelist Robert L. Sumner, Associate Editor

If you have not already done so, don't lay this issue of THE SWORD OF THE LORD down without reading the wonderful message by Evangelist Hugh Pyle, "One More Night With the Frogs!" This is a tremendous, moving, logical, scriptural challenge to get right with God immediately, showing the utter, absolute folly and danger of continuing in sin. Like the first two prize-winning contest sermons already published, it is a masterpiece of evangelistic preaching.

But procrastination, that is, the terrible sin of neglect and putting off, is not limited to lost sinners and salvation. Good, earnest Christians often are guilty of the same wicked folly in things pertaining to what the Lord clearly leads them to do and what they feel they are responsible to do.

For example, no doubt there are a great many of you readers who have felt in your hearts since our August sale began that this would be an ideal time to subscribe to THE SWORD OF THE LORD for some of your unsaved friends and loved ones. But, as yet, you haven't done it. Others of you have been impressed to renew your own subscription or order some of the life-changing spiritual books now on sale at 20% off. Yet the sale is passed the half-way mark and you still have done nothing

about it.

Great Bargains This Month!

The month of August, as always around the Sword of the Lord, is one of outstanding values and bargains. Every year we "knock off" 20% from the regular price of every book we publish, and this year we are including that valuable discount on the subscription price to THE SWORD OF THE LORD as well. The regular rate for a one-year subscription is \$2.50 (plus 50c extra for Canadian and foreign). During August you may subscribe for yourself or others, either new or renewal, for only \$2.00 a year, plus the extra 50c a year on Canadian and foreign subscriptions. Or you may take advantage of the 33 1/3% discount and subscribe for three years for only \$5 (Canadian and foreign \$6.50).

Use the convenient order form in the last issue for the books and booklets you would like to order now. Write your subscriptions on a separate piece of paper, giving the names and addresses plainly and stating whether they are new or renewals, then send them today to THE SWORD OF THE LORD, 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

Don't stay with the frogs!

Unoffensive Preachers!

A local newspaper is conducting a poll to ascertain the Canadian "man of the year." Readers are asked to submit their nominations together with reasons why their candidate qualifies for this honor. One person wrote to the paper and suggested that a certain clergyman deserved the title, for, "... listening to him for 28 years I have never heard him say one word which would offend." We do not know anything about the gentleman who was thus described and so perhaps his admirer's observations are not true of him. We devoutly hope that it is not true that for 28 years his utterances have been so devoid of content that no one could be offended.

As we read of this unoffensive preacher, we were amused and disturbed. Amusement was aroused at the naivete of the good man who made the nomination on such a basis. On the other hand, we were disturbed at the thought that the concept of the ministry has so fallen that the one great qualification for a prophet is that he offends no one! The day that any preacher reaches the point where the avoidance of offense is his sole aim, his usefulness has ceased. The preaching and application of the Gospel will always cause offense and in a measure that offense will be attributed to the faithful messenger.

—Gospel Witness

With the Evangelists

(Continued from page 3)

gathered for the two closing services the final Sunday. Others in the team were Ira Gerig, organist,

Doug Scott, song leader and soloist, and additional special music was provided by Mrs. Scott and the Ambassadors Quartet.

In spite of some unusually turbulent weather, there were over 200 decisions for Christ recorded, 60 of whom were boys and girls saved at the special Saturday morning children's rallies. Thirty-eight young men and women dedicated their lives to Christ for full-time service at the close of one service.

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Segregation . . .

(Continued from page 1)

let is now ready for distribution. We are printing 5,000 copies in the first edition and it will sell for 15c per copy, 7 for \$1, or 30 for \$4.00. It will be available at an even lower price, of course, in larger quantities.

As a sampling of some of the glowing letters of commendation from Christian leaders received after the article appeared in THE SWORD OF THE LORD, here is the letter of Dr. Harry H. Savage, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Pontiac, Michigan, and former president of the National Association of Evangelicals. Dr. Savage wrote:

"I want to heartily commend you for your splendid treatment of the question of 'Race Desegregation—Principles and Problems.'"

"I find myself in agreement with it 110%. It is by far the most complete and the most satisfactory treatment of the subject that I have seen . . ."

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Craig goes to Black Rock in Western Canada to win the Selkirk miners and lumbermen to Christ. Mrs. Mavor, a godly widow who helps Craig put Slavins saloon out of business and establish a church, returns to Scotland. Graeme, lumber camp manager, is saved when Old Nelson dies protecting him. Graeme now returns home with Connor to make right his past sins.

CHAPTER XIV. GRAEME'S NEW BIRTH

There was more left in that grave than old man Nelson's dead body. It seemed to me that Graeme left part, at least, of his old self there with his dead friend and comrade in the quiet country churchyard. I waited long for the old careless, reckless spirit to appear, but he was never the same again. The change was unmistakable, but hard to define. He seemed to have resolved his life into a definite purpose. He was hardly so comfortable a fellow to be with; he made me feel even more lazy and useless than was my wont; but I respected him more and liked him none the less. As a lion he was not a success. He would not roar. This was disappointing to me and to his friends and mine, who had been waiting his return with eager expectation of tales of thrilling and bloodthirsty adventure.

His first days were spent in making right, or as nearly right as he could, the break that drove him to the West. His old firm (and I have had more respect for the humanity of lawyers ever since) behaved really well. They proved the restoration of their confidence in his integrity and ability by offering him a place in the firm, which, however, he would not accept. Then, when he felt clean, as he said, he posted off home, taking me with him. During the railroad journey of four hours he hardly spoke; but when we had left the town behind and had fairly got upon the country road that led toward the home ten miles away, his speech came to him in a great flow. His spirits ran over. He was like a boy returning from his first college term. His very face wore the boy's open, innocent, earnest look that used to attract men to him in his first college year. His delight in the fields and woods in the sweet country air and the sunlight was without bound. How often had we driven this road together in the old days!

Every turn was familiar. The swamp where the tamaracks stood straight and slim out of their beds of moss; the brule, as we used to call it, where the pine stumps, huge and blackened, were half hidden by the new growth of poplars and soft maples; the big hill where we used to get out and walk when the roads were bad; the orchards where the harvest apples were best and most accessible—all had their memories.

It was one of those perfect afternoons that so often come in the early Canadian summer, before nature grows weary with the heat. The white gravel road was trimmed on either side with turf of living green, close cropped by the sheep that wandered in flocks along its whole length. Beyond the picturesque snake-fences stretched the fields of springing grain, of varying shades of green, with here and there a dark brown patch, marking a turnip field or summer fallow, and far back were the woods of maple and beech and elm, with here and there the tufted top of a mighty pine, the lonely representative of a vanished race, standing clear above the humbler trees.

As we drove through the big swamp, where the yawning, haunted gully plunges down to its gloomy depths, Graeme reminded me of that night when our horse saw something in that same gully and refused to go past; and I felt again, though it was broad daylight, something of the grue that shivered down my back as I saw in the moonlight the gleam of a white thing far through the pine trunks.

As we came nearer home the houses became familiar. Every house had its tale: we had eaten or slept in most of them; we had sampled apples, and cherries, and plums from their orchards, openly as guests or secretly as marauders under cover of night—the more delightful way, I fear. Ah, happy days, with these innocent crimes and fleeting remorse, how bravely we faced them, and how gaily we lived them, and how yearningly we look back at them now! The sun was just dipping into the tree-tops of the distant woods behind as we came to the top of the last hill that overlooked the valley in which lay the village of Riverdale. Wooded hills stood about it on three sides, and where the hills faded out there lay the mill-pond sleeping and smiling in the sun. Through the village ran the white road, up past the old frame church, and on to the white manse standing among the trees. That was Graeme's home, and mine, too, for I had never known another worthy of the name. We held up our team to look down over the valley, with its rampart of wooded hills, its shining pond, and its nestling village, and on past to the church and the white manse hiding among the trees. The beauty, the peace, the warm, loving homeliness of the scene came about our hearts, but, being men, we could find no words.

"Let's go," cried Graeme, and down the hill we tore and rocked and swayed, to the amazement of the steady team, whose education from the earliest years had impressed upon their minds the criminality of attempting to do anything but walk carefully down a hill, at least for two-thirds of the way. Through the village, in a cloud of dust, we swept, catching a glimpse of a well-known face here and there and flinging a salutation as we passed, leaving the owner of the face rooted to his place in astonishment at the sight of Graeme whirling on in his old-time, well-known reckless manner. Only old Dunc McLeod was equal to the moment, for as Graeme called out, "Hello, Dunc!" the old man lifted up his hands and called back in an awed voice: "Bless my soul! Is it yourself?"

"Stands his whisky well, poor old chap!" was Graeme's comment. As we neared the church he pulled up his team, and we went quietly past the sleepers there, then again on the full run down the gentle slope, over the little brook, and up to the gate. He had

Is Our Face Red!

Christian Novel, "Black Rock," to Be Completed in SWORD

By Evangelist Walt Handford, Vice-President,
SWORD OF THE LORD FOUNDATION

Did you ever make an honest mistake and later have to "eat crow" because of it? Well, that's what we did when we discontinued the Christian novel, *Black Rock*, by Ralph Connor.

Dr. Rice was faced with a real dilemma several weeks ago when he decided not to finish the story in *THE SWORD*. In the first place, we had received only two or three comments during the three months we had been running it serially. This was unusual, for we had literally hundreds of letters in response to running *Bird Life* in *Winston* and *Indian Drums* and *Broken Arrows* serially in *THE SWORD* previously. The very natural conclusion was that we had somehow selected a "dud" in *Black Rock*.

Then in the summer months we run only eight pages instead

of twelve, since there is so much less advertising. This gives us some less room for sermons and articles than usual. The final blow came when the next chapter to be run was so long it would have taken almost one-sixth of the whole paper. (Even now we are having to divide Chapter 14 into two parts to get it in this week and next.) With such a poor response and with the space restriction, Dr. Rice honestly concluded that *Black Rock* should be discontinued. It was no deliberate trick to get people to buy the book to see how the story ended.

hardly got his team pulled up before flinging me the lines, he was out over the wheel, for coming down the walk, with her hands lifted high, was a dainty little lady with the face of an angel. In a moment Graeme had her in his arms. I heard the faint cry, "My boy! my boy!" and got down on the other side to attend to my off horse, surprised to find my hands trembling and my eyes full of tears. Back upon the steps stood an old gentleman, with white hair and flowing beard, handsome, straight, and stately—Graeme's father, waiting his turn.

"Welcome home, my lad," was his greeting as he kissed his son, and the tremor of his voice and the sight of the two men kissing each other like women, sent me again to my horses' heads.

"There's Connor, mother!" shouted out Graeme, and the dainty little lady, in her black silk and white lace, came out to me quickly with outstretched hands.

"You, too, are welcome home," she said, and kissed me. I stood with my hat off, saying something about being glad to come, but wishing that I could get away before I should make quite a fool of myself. For as I looked down upon that beautiful face, pale except for a faint flush upon each faded cheek, and read the story of pain endured and conquered, and as I thought of all the long years of waiting and of vain hoping, I found my throat dry and sore, and the words would not come. But her quick sense needed no words, and she came to my help.

"You will find Jack at the stable," she said, smiling. "He ought to have been here."

The stable! Why had I not thought of that before? Thankfully now my words came:

"Yes, certainly I'll find him, Mrs. Graeme. I suppose he's as much of a scapegrace as ever," and off I went to look up Graeme's young brother, who had given every promise in the old days of development into as stirring a rascal as one could desire; but who, as I found out later, had not lived these years in his mother's home for nothing.

"Oh, Jack's a good boy," she answered, smiling again as she turned toward the other two, now waiting for her upon the walk.

The week that followed was a happy one for us all; but for the mother it was full to the brim with joy. Her sweet face was full of content and in her eyes rested a great peace. Our days were spent driving about among the hills, or strolling through the maple woods, or down into the tamarack swamp, where the pitcher plants and the swamp lilies and the marigold waved above the deep moss. In the evenings we sat under the trees on the lawn till the stars came out and the night dews drove us in. Like two lovers, Graeme and his mother would wander off together, leaving Jack and me to each other. Jack was reading for divinity and was really a fine, manly fellow, with all his brother's turn for Rugby, and I took to him amazingly; but after the day was over we would gather about the supper-table, and the talk would be of all things under heaven—art, football, theology. The mother would lead in all. How quick she was, how bright her fancy, how subtle her intellect, and through all a gentle grace, very winning and beautiful to see!

Do what I would, Graeme would talk little of the mountains and his life there.

"My lion will not roar, Mrs. Graeme," I complained; "he simply will not."

"You should twist his tail," said Jack.

"That seems to be the difficulty, Jack," said his mother, "to get hold of his tale."

"Oh, mother," groaned Jack; "you never did such a thing before! How could you? Is it this baleful Western influence?"

"I shall reform, Jack," she replied brightly.

"But seriously, Graeme," I remonstrated, "you ought to tell your people of your life—that free, glorious life in the mountains."

"Free! Glorious! To some men, perhaps!" said Graeme, and then fell into silence.

But I saw Graeme as a new man the night he talked theology with his father. The old minister was a splendid Calvinist, of heroic type, and as he discoursed of God's sovereignty and election his face glowed and his voice rang out.

Graeme listened intently, now and then putting in a question, as one would a keen knife-thrust into a foe. But the old man knew his ground and moved easily among his ideas, demolishing the enemy as he appeared with jaunty grace. In the full flow of his triumphant argument Graeme turned to him with a sudden seriousness.

"Look here, father! I was born a Calvinist, and I can't see how any one with a level head can hold anything else than that the Almighty has some idea as to how He wants to run His universe, and He means to carry out His idea and is carrying it out; but what would you do in a case like this?"

Then he told him the story of poor Billy Breen, his fight and his defeat.

"Would you preach election to that chap?"

(Continued on page 8)

But how wrong we were! The folks who had not written to comment on our running the story surely yelled when we stopped. We have been accused of "swindle," "deceitful business practices," "soap-box opera techniques," and a host of other things. One missionary wrote air mail from Africa and asked us most kindly to please continue *Black Rock*.

So we are "fessin'" up to our mistake and continuing *Black Rock*. It will be finished in three issues. The four friends who "raked us over the coals" most harshly have been sent a free copy of *Black Rock* in book form to try and prove to them we are not the crooks they imagined. Incidentally, one person who was afraid to sign his name to his red-hot card missed a free book! Sorry.

By the way, I hope that many of you friends will see from this how important are your letters of encouragement and comment. We need to know what you want in *THE SWORD* if we are to satisfy your needs. Hundreds of folks who dislike us write mean letters to discourage us. Why not sit down right now and let us know what features you like most.

Honestly, we're sorry we made this mistake and hope our many friends who have been inconvenienced will forgive us. We are sure Dr. Rice will feel the same way when he returns from Japan. Miss Viola, please pass another piece of "crow," will you?

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One More Night With the Frogs

(Continued from page 3)

we can't let Rebekah just rush in to this thing. After all, she hasn't even had her picture on the society page of the *Mesopotamia Morning Messenger*! "That's right, and whoever heard of a girl of Rebekah's standing getting married without a hope chest, without even a wedding dress!" So at the breakfast table they were gunning for the servant with these words: "Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten; after that she shall go" (Gen. 24:55). (Just like ungodly relatives and friends are often on hand to try to talk a sinner out of coming to Christ!).

When the servant of Abraham refused to be hindered, they thought they could sweet-talk Rebekah into staying on with them; so they said, "Rebekah, honey, wilt thou go with this man?" (Gen. 24:58). And Rebekah simply said, "I WILL GO!" No ifs, ands, nor buts about it! No pussyfooting around about it! "I will go!" I will arise and go to Jesus! "I will go!" No more nights with the frogs! Thank God for a decision like that!

I preached this sermon in the First Baptist Church of a Florida town. Many young people were saved that week. A number of high school young people were saved the night I preached on the frogs. Among them was a bright, personable girl from another church. She was a leader in the high school set. After the service that night she was rejoicing in what Christ had done for her. As she left the church that night she said to me, with a twinkle in her eye, "Preacher, there'll be no more nights with the frogs!" I believe she meant that!

Now, I want to suggest three reasons why you dare not spend even one more night with the frogs!

In the first place,

The Frogs May Not Leave Tomorrow!

They don't always, you know. It looked like the rich young ruler was about to be saved. He seemed so near. But the cancer of covetousness was eating away at his soul. He turned and went away from Jesus, "went away sorrowful," but the next day the sorrow, the misery, the unhappiness, the emptiness was still there. The frogs didn't leave!

Jonah bought a ticket to Tarshish from the presence of the Lord (Jonah 1:3). God had said, "Go to Nineveh," but Jonah chose "one more night" on the deep blue sea, one more night going Jonah's way instead of God's way. That always means trouble. God sent a mighty tempest. The old

ship was creaking and groaning, reeling and rocking. It looked like certain destruction—until they threw Jonah overboard. God had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. So Jonah became the first submarine passenger in history! He took a sub-Mediterranean ride in the interior of a whale—and was Jonah ever sick! But he did not get as sick as the whale did! A backslider is so nauseating that even the whale could not keep Jonah down. Jonah might be called the most indigestible person in the Bible! He finally began to cry unto the Lord. The Lord beached the whale and the whale beached Jonah! God pushed the button, the whale did the rest—and UP

Facts About Evangelist Hugh F. Pyle . . .

Evangelist Pyle is 37 years old and was called to preach from the newspaper field. For fourteen years he pastored Southern Baptist churches in Florida. At Brent Baptist Church in Pensacola, Florida, more than 800 were added to the church during his 5-year ministry there. He also pastored the rapidly growing Cove Baptist Church in Panama City, Florida, for about 1½ years.

Brother Pyle is now in full-time revival work, holding very successful meetings mainly in the South. He is a Spirit-filled, earnest evangelist with an unusual zeal for souls. His home is in Atlanta, Georgia.

came Jonah! He hit dry ground running—for Nineveh! where God told him to go in the first place! But he surely could have saved himself a lot of grief if he had just minded God to begin with! The frogs didn't leave, and a lot of other troubles came!

I will never forget my first trip to the Pensacola jail,—not as an inmate, just as a visitor! The ladies in our missionary society went down on Mondays to talk to the women prisoners in the stockade, and this morning I went along with them to speak to the women in jail. When they said we were going in to the women's cell block I expected to find crummy hags, dirty old derelicts, who were wasting away after years of prostitution and vice. I was amazed to find a cell full of attractive teenage girls! The youngest was fourteen. The average age was about seventeen. The "old" women in there were probably in their twenties. Most of them had been picked up on lewd charges around dance halls over the week end. One beautiful fifteen-year-old girl had been found in the middle of the night with about ten sailors. (When I asked that one how she got into such a life, she said, "Well, preacher, I like to dance.") Well, there they were—the dirty, crummy old jail, the filthy mattresses, the bedbugs, rats (they said) running around under their feet in the night, the open community toilet with no door in front of it (the stench was terrible!). And yet, when we preached to those girls and urged them to become Christians, when we told them what Jesus could do for them, how He could not only help them get out of jail but get started right in life and know real happiness and forgiveness, they just grinned and shook their heads. They had tasted sin and the old flesh liked it. So, they as much as said, "No thanks! Give us 'one more night' with the rats and bedbugs, one more night in a filthy jail, one more night with the frogs!" But the frogs did not leave tomorrow. The girls were still in jail, still in their sins, still miserable, still in bondage!

Charles E. Fuller was preaching on the "Old Fashioned Revival Hour." A Christian woman who had been unable to get her sinner-husband to church had the program turned so high that he had to hear it no matter where he was in the house. He became so enraged at the Gospel that he finally picked up a kitchen chair and dashed it over the radio,

breaking it to pieces. He silenced the voice of Brother Fuller temporarily, but he could not silence the voice of God in his soul! Stopping the sermon didn't stop the misery in his heart—the frogs were still there! He couldn't shake off conviction and he finally got saved. Then the poor fellow had to buy another radio!

So many sinners say, "Just as soon as I get straightened out, I'll become a Christian." Or, "You can count on it, Preacher; we're going to start going to church just as soon as we get all straightened out." And, you know, that is just when some of these sinners do come to church—when they are all straightened out,—just as straight and stiff as a board. They are put in a box over 6 feet long, all straightened out, and they ROLL them into the church, right up to the altar at last, with flowers all banked up around them! They are straightened out, but it is too late to do anything about keeping them out of Hell! If you wait until things are all straightened out and the frogs all gone first, you will never come to Christ! Surrender to Him. Let Him do the straightening, or you will be more crooked than ever! The frogs may not leave tomorrow.

Again, you dare not spend one more night with the frogs because:

Something Worse May Come in the Place of the Frogs!

It was true in the case of Pharaoh. After the frogs came lice, flies, locusts, boils, fire, darkness—and finally, the death of the first-born in every Egyptian home! Stark tragedy. Oh, the miseries of the sinner!

Pride keeps many a man from surrendering to Christ, in spite of the frogs that plague him. But one day "the lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down . . ." (Isa. 2:11). The judgment of God must fall upon sin. Something worse than the frogs will come!

With many a sinner it is covetousness—the love of money, and things! The Bible still thunders, "The love of money is the root of all evil!" (I Tim. 6:10). For money a great many have "pierced themselves through with many sorrows." Today money-mad people, in order to accumulate possessions, will neglect home and health and their own children and morals and even God to get more money. They tolerate the frogs now, but one day something worse will come in the place of the frogs!

At a lovely farm we were entertained with a meal before an evening revival service. There was a picture of a pretty little curly-headed baby boy on the living room table. But no baby to be seen. No patter of little feet in the house. The parents seemed to be devout Christians, but there was an air of sadness. The house was nice, the barn imposing, nearly new. I learned later from the pastor that those people had been getting along so well, making money, prospering on the farm, and almost idolizing that curly-headed child, that they just did not go to church any more. They had become too busy, too well off, too self-satisfied. Then sickness came, but still rebellion. Then tragedy came. The barn burned while the father was bedfast from an operation, and their little child had perished in the flames—they did not know he was in the barn. Finally, the parents, brokenhearted and greatly humbled, had come to God, yielded their lives, joined the church, and were serving Christ—but what a fearful price to pay! They had claimed to have been converted once. Maybe they had been. But God says, "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord of hosts!" (Jer. 2:19). Oh, I tell you, something worse may come in the place of the frogs!

With Benhadad it was drink! He was drinking himself drunk in the pavilions, the Scripture tells us. Sinners just will not believe God when He tells us, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging . . ." (Prov. 20:1). But the drinker always runs headon into the judgment of God. The Syrian army

suffered defeat and later Benhadad himself was brought to crushing judgment. Something worse comes. Fool with drink and you will find out!

I heard Bill Rice tell about the debutante who had a "coming out" party in Chicago. In the middle of the night she and her drunken companions, wild for adventure, ended up at the zoo to play with the animals at 3 a. m.! They began to tease the bears. This "deb" was waving her arm through the bars at a big old grizzly. The bear suddenly clamped down on her arm and hugged her to the bars as he began to chew the flesh from her hand and arm! By the time her drunken friends could get help and an ambulance the bear had torn the flesh from her arm clear up to her shoulder. Her arm was amputated at the shoulder. Through life she will carry an empty sleeve as a grim reminder that something worse may come in the place of the frogs!

The third and last reason why you dare not spend one more night with the frogs is:

Tomorrow May Never Come!

God says, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow" (Prov. 27:1).

The Bible says, "How shall we" (Continued on page 7)

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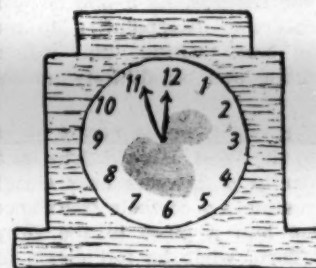
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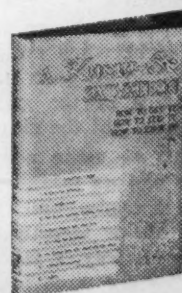
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(Continued from page 1)

Is no hint of anything good; no righteousness, no holiness, no love. You cannot get good things out of the natural heart because they are not there. Hear what He, who spake as "never man spake," has said concerning this.

"But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: These are the things which defile a man: but to eat with unwashen hands defileth not a man."—Matt. 15:18-20.

Then again in Galatians 5:19-21, the Holy Spirit gives us a long list of the works of the flesh, but you search the record in vain to find anything about love or goodness. Listen to the appalling list:

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

This is what you and I are capable of by nature. These are the things that abound in our hearts. Decency may keep us from following out all our evil inclinations, but these are the sins to which we are liable, one person just as much as another, if exposed to temptation. It is written: "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." And again, "There is no difference: For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

If then the great test of salvation is love for the Lord Jesus Christ, and you do not possess that love, you are lost, no matter how respectable your outward life may be. And if you say to yourself, "From now on I am going to love Him; I refuse to spurn Him; I will make myself devoted to Him," let me warn you not to try, for your efforts will end in disappointment and despair. You do not love the Lord Jesus Christ if unregenerated, and you cannot love Him unless God Himself produces that love within your soul.

By this we see the absolute

necessity of a second birth. Now, indeed, we understand why it is that "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God . . . That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and there is no possible way by which it can be changed into spirit. The works of the flesh are unholy; the will of the flesh is ever opposed to the will of God. "The carnal mind," which is the mind of the flesh, "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Hence man as born after the flesh is hopelessly lost, unless God intervenes.

But blessed be His name, that "which is born of the Spirit is spirit." It is possible for man, totally depraved though he is by nature, to be regenerated by divine power, born again by the Word of God and the Spirit of God, and so become a new creature in Christ Jesus, producing fruit for God.

Man Totally Depraved

Some of you may object to that old theological term, "total depravity." You do not like to think of yourself as quite so far gone. But I beg you to remember that man as created by God is tripartite—spirit, and soul, and body. If in every part, man has been affected by the fall, then he has become totally affected, and inasmuch as he has been affected not for good, but for evil, he is totally depraved.

Your Body Is Depraved

No man possesses today the splendid physique that our first parents possessed from the moment of their creation. Your body is subject to all kinds of ills, sickness, weakness, pain, and death. And moreover, everyone of your natural appetites or propensities is depraved. There is not one of them that is today functioning exactly as originally intended. "God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions" (Eccles. 7:29). Every physical appetite is capable of perversion, and with this perversion comes sure and certain ill effects, all the result of sin: "Receiving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet" (Rom. 1:27).

Your Soul Is Depraved

The soul, according to Scripture, is the seat of your entire emotional nature. But what man

One More Night With the Frogs

(Continued from page 6)

escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2:3).

America has become known as the land of sudden death! Some 831 souls were hurled into eternity over this past Christmas holiday alone in sudden, untimely deaths! Of that number, 621 of them were highway tragedies. I was surprised to read in the Atlanta paper recently that between 400 and 500 Americans are blasted into eternity by lightning bolts every year. When God calls your number, you are going to go! Tomorrow, for you, may never come! The safe thing is to repent and turn to Jesus Christ right now! He died to save you. You do not have to overcome God's reluctance to save you; you merely take hold of His highest willingness to save you! He is not willing that any should perish. He takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked. But God's patience wears out! He says, "My spirit shall not always strive with man" (Gen. 6:3). He will save you if you come to Him in simple faith right now! He promises, ". . . him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). God has done His part. He sent His Son. The blood has been shed. The price has been paid. The next move is your move! Trust Him today. "He that believeth [trusteth] on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3:36). But except you thus repent and trust Him you will surely perish! (see Luke 13:3).

In a Tennessee city a lady heard

me preach. She had told the pastor and others that she ought to come forward in the revival. She had never made a public profession of faith. She sat in the service. She heard the Gospel. She raised her hand for prayer. But she did not come forward. The next day at noon the pastor was called from the dinner table, an emergency. That woman had been rushed to the hospital late that morning and had died just before noon! Tomorrow may never come!

In Chattanooga a sixteen-year-old boy was changing a tire. It blew up in his face. Two days later they held his funeral. In Birmingham a lady walked out onto her lawn and suddenly the TV aerial fell from her roof and struck her dead in her own front yard. In Pittsburgh the other day a trailer-truck jackknifed and threw a load of steel rods through a private dwelling, killing two women instantly. A pastor here in Jacksonville (where I am now in a revival) just yesterday showed me the seared, scorched spot where an airliner fell short of the runway last December, hurling seventeen souls into eternity! The land of sudden death.

While I was pastor in a Florida city I talked to a lost man about Christ. His wife was a new convert, greatly burdened for her sinner-husband. He drank and caroused and lived a wild, rough life. I went to see him. He would not accept Christ then, but he did come to church the next Sunday. My good ushers seated him right down near the front. It was not unusually warm and he did not wear a coat; yet he perspired until his shirt was matted to his body. Conviction was written on his face. He raised his hand for prayer at the end of the sermon. He knew he ought to come to Christ. Others came. He held on to the seat in misery but he did not come. At the door as he left the church I urged him to stay with me then and there and get the matter of his salvation settled. I reminded him that he knew now that Christ had died for his sins and would save him then if he would call on the Lord in

faith. All he would do was to promise to come back to church again. He was going to be saved later on. The Devil can usually get a sinner to promise anything when he is running from God.

He did not come that night or the next Sunday. I went to see him but missed him. I tried again but he was dodging me. They said he was drinking and "living it up" more than ever. And then it happened: One morning he was driving a car full of officers down to an air base forty miles away. That was part of his work. He was driving fast. He swerved to dodge a wild pig. The right front wheel struck a bridge abutment and the car began to roll end over end. The steering wheel almost went through him—he was instantly killed. He had said TOMORROW—but "tomorrow" never came!

"Behold, now is the accepted time . . ." "The Holy Ghost saith, TODAY!"

My Decision for Christ

You have read this urgent appeal for you to trust Christ and be saved today. Now let the editor plead with you to surrender your heart to Christ. Won't you right this minute decide that you will not spend even one more night with the frogs of sin? Simply confess yourself a poor lost sinner and ask God to forgive your sins because of Christ's death on the cross. Then we ask that you let us know of your decision. Either fill out and clip the following form to send to us or copy it on a post card. Evangelist Pyle will be so glad to hear of your decision.

----- 19 -----
Dr. John R. Rice
214 West Wesley Street
Wheaton, Illinois

Dear Dr. Rice:
I have read Evangelist Hugh Pyle's sermon, *One More Night With the Frogs*. Here and now I turn from my sin and take Christ as my Saviour. I trust Him to forgive me this moment. To the best of my ability I undertake to live for Him and tell others of my decision.

Name -----
Address -----

Puzzle Number 37

CLEWS ACROSS

- City of Moab
- Country in which Jerusalem and Bethlehem are located
- Wonder
- Ancient name of Persia
- City of David
- Christian (Abbr.)
- King Solomon's father
- One who leads astray
- Egyptian goddess of fecundity
- Third month of the Jewish sacred calendar
- Man chosen by Solomon to take Joab's place as captain of the host (I Kn. 2:35)
- Rearrange "Dao"
- Ancient city in Egypt (Ezek. 30:17)
- A house pest which runs rapidly
- Pronoun
- Three-toed sloths (Pl.)
- City near Jerusalem, belonging to the tribe of Benjamin
- Old Testament book (Abbr.)
- Lines (Abbr.)
- Zilpah's son, whose name means "Happy"
- "A storm is heavy, and the—weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both." (Prov. 27:3)
- A good king of Judah
- Containers of liquids, made of goatskin, and still extensively manufactured at Hebron
- Fruit mentioned four times in the Song of Solomon
- Son of Melch, and one of Christ's ancestors. (Luke 3:27)
- Letter
- Low places between hills
- A thing (Legal term)
- Pertaining to the dawn
- Wane
- Tree from which idols were made
- Jewelry. (Esther 3:10)
- Disappear gradually (Scot)

CLEWS DOWN

- Young animal used for sacrifice
- The Jairite: a chief ruler about David
- Places in Galilee, where bears are still found
- Shem's grandson, and Aram's son (Gen. 10:23)
- Pass from this life
- Ages
- City where extensive preaching of Christianity to Gentiles began

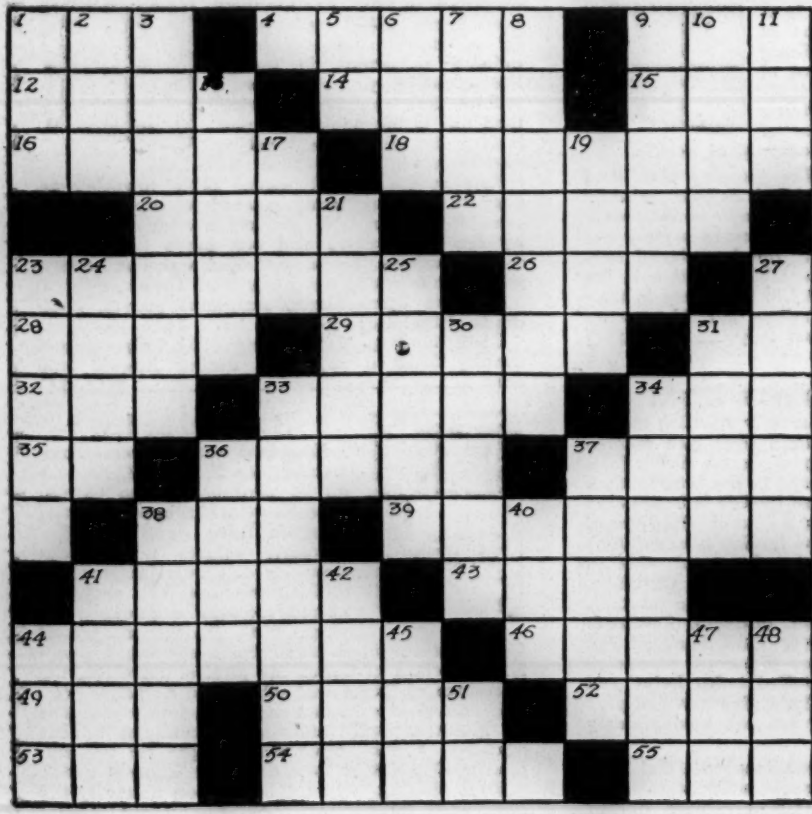
- City at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, (Gen. 10:10)
- Adverb
- Wander
- Jewish month of the Feast of the Passover
- Five hundred, two
- City of Susiana, on the Pasa-Tigris (II Kn. 18:34)
- Abraham's wife
- Plural of Baal (gods). (II Sam. 6:2)
- Anything impairing welfare or happiness
- Mountain,—the scene of the burning bush
- Tears
- The first high priest
- "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it." (Dan.5: 25)
- Book of Psalms in Prayer Book
- Scene of the two miraculous draughts of fish
- Poisonous serpents
- Stalks of grain after threshing
- Resembling 41 vertical
- Scatter for drying
- Animals imported from Ophir, by Solomon
- "My God." Called by Jesus, on the cross, at the ninth hour
- Epoch
- Bring forth (—A—)
- Measure of cloth
- Heavens
- No good (Abbr.)

Answer to Puzzle Number 35:

BAT ELISABETH
EVIL OVEN BOA
TEN DRY NEBAT
H TYRE SAD D
LASEA BASON C
ER ANGEL MARA
HIS KNEEL GAP
EDEN ARMOR CE
M MISSA TAMAR
D NAH CANA N
CALEB EON SIA
URI LOGO ESAU
PENTECOST AIM

552 Booklets Sent!

By Aunt Neva



552 winners in one week—an all time record! Barbara Lamb and I were overwhelmed this week by the stack of puzzle letters and the number of correct answers to puzzle No. 32. Barbara is the college girl (working full time now) who so efficiently takes care of checking the puzzles and then sends you the booklets. We were happy to have so many winners.

We've heard from many "first timers" this week, too. Won't you try it again?

This week's puzzle will make you do a little more searching, but be sure to try it. I've given you some extra helps.

For the correct answer to puzzle No. 37, we'll send you a copy of the 61 page booklet by H. F. Branch, *How to Have a Happy Home*. It will be worth working for.

Here's all you do!

- Fill in the empty blanks according to the clues given. Answers must be complete and correct.
- PRINT (not write) your name and address in the blank below the puzzle and mail to: Aunt Neva, PUZZLE EDITOR, THE SWORD OF THE LORD, Wheaton, Illinois. We cannot return entries. If you do not wish to cut up your copy of the paper, you may print your answers on another sheet of paper. Please print all answers according to clues given.
- To receive the booklet, *How to Have a Happy Home*, your entry must be postmarked by midnight, AUGUST 25, 1956. The answer to puzzle number 37 will appear in the August 31 issue of THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

Name ----- (PRINT)
Address ----- (PRINT)
City ----- Zone ----- State ----- (PRINT)

Anathema Maranatha

(Continued from page 7)

which gives him the ability to form judgments, and above all else to hear the voice of God speaking to him. 'The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord; searching the inmost parts of his being.' But what man is constantly obeying the voice of the Lord? Have we not all turned away from Him in our pride and our folly, preferring our own will to the will of God? 'The lusts of the mind' are as vile in His sight as 'the lusts of the flesh.'

The Only Way

And yet it is to such men that the Spirit of God says, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha"—devoted to judgment at the Lord's return! How solemnly this reveals our true condition, and how it ought to stir our hearts, and lead us to cry to God to do for us that which we cannot do for ourselves; to create in us a clean heart; to implant His divine love; to subdue these stubborn wills of ours; and to claim us for Himself.

And this is exactly what He offers to do in the Gospel. In order that He might effect this change in us, that He might impart to us a new life, the very nature of which is love, the Lord Jesus Christ went to the cross and there tasted death for us. The only way whereby we can begin to love Him is by believing the gospel message, and trusting Him as our personal Saviour. It is when I learn that "the Son of God loved

me, and gave himself for me," that my heart cries out, "We love him, because he first loved us." Oh, I beg of you take time today to stand in faith at the foot of Calvary's cross! By the aid of the Word of God which so clearly depicts that awful scene, fix your eyes upon the wounded, bleeding Sufferer, the thorn-crowned Saviour, hanging there upon the nails for you. Listen to His tender pleading: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Hear His cry of anguish as He took the lost sinner's place, and bore the lost sinner's judgment. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and say to yourself over and over until you believe it with all your heart: "It was all for me; He died that I might live; He loved me even unto death." As you thus put your heart's trust in Him, and believe in Him as your own personal Saviour, you will find He imparts a new nature, and this nature manifests itself in love. You will love Him, and you will love His people, because the love of God will be shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost given unto you.

See how this blessed truth is illustrated in the history of John Newton. He was a blackbird, slave trader, drunkard, utterly godless, and lost to all decency until, broken down by grace divine, he gazed by faith upon the suffering Saviour. Hear him sing:

*In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new Object met my sight*

And stopped my wild career.

*I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
He fixed His dying eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.*

*Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,*

Though not a word He spoke.

*My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.*

*A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."*

And John Newton was a new man; the old vile life was ended forever, and from that hour he loved the Lord Jesus Christ above every earthly friend, above everything this world could offer. And so at last he could say:

Then I, who trembling learned to see

*That I my Lord had slain,
Was filled with peace, because for me
He bore that grief and pain.*

*Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;*

*Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.*

Oh, that every unsaved person might see what John Newton saw, might believe what John Newton believed, and then he, too, would love the Lord Jesus Christ, and be forever freed from the danger of judgment at His coming.

It is a common saying among men that "love begets love." Surely if this is ever true it ought to be true in connection with the love of God to mankind. We are told that He "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And again, "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (I John 4:9, 10). Because we were dead in trespasses and in sins, the love of God caused Him to send His blessed Son, that in Him we might receive eternal life. Because we were guilty and deserving of His judgment, He sent His Son to be the propitiation, the atonement for our sins. It is as the Holy Spirit brings these truths to bear in power upon our souls that we become partakers of the divine

nature, and we love Him who has so wondrously undertaken for us.

Apart from the manifestation of God in Christ, there is no revelation of divine love. We see the power and wisdom of God manifested in creation. In His provision for man's need and comfort, we have many evidences of His goodness, but His love is shown in the cross. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Who can fathom the wickedness of the man who tramples such grace beneath his feet, and persists in sinning against love like this? Need we wonder that the Holy Spirit has said, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha" (devoted to judgment at the Lord's coming)?

(From the book, CHARGE THAT TO MY ACCOUNT, published by Moody Press, used by permission.)

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Black Rock

(Continued from page 5)

The mother's eyes were shining with tears. The old gentleman blew his nose like a trumpet and then said gravely:

"No, my boy. You don't feed babies with meat. But what came to him?"

Then Graeme asked me to finish the tale. After I had finished the story of Billy's final triumph and of Craig's part in it they sat long silent, till the minister, clearing his throat hard and blowing his nose more like a trumpet than ever, said with great emphasis:

"Thank God for such a man in such a place. I wish there were more of us like him."

"I should like to see you out there, sir," said Graeme admiringly. "You'd get them, but you wouldn't have time for election."

"Yes! yes!" said his father warmly. "I should love to have a chance just to preach election to these poor lads. Would I were twenty years younger!"

"It is worth a man's life," said Graeme earnestly.

His younger brother turned his face eagerly toward the mother. For answer she slipped her hand into his and said softly, while her eyes shone like stars:

"Some day, Jack, perhaps! God knows."

But Jack only looked steadily at her, smiling a little and patting her hand.

"You'd shine there, mother," said Graeme, smiling upon her. "You'd better come with me."

She started and said firmly:

"With you?" It was the first hint he had given of his purpose. "You are going back?"

"What! As a missionary?" said Jack.

"Not to preach, Jack. I'm not orthodox enough," looking at his father and shaking his head; "but to build railroads and lend a hand to some poor chap, if I can."

"Could you not find work nearer home, my boy?" asked the father. "There is plenty of both kinds near us here, surely."

"Lots of work, but not mine, I fear," answered Graeme, keeping his eyes away from his mother's face. "A man must do his own work."

His voice was quiet and resolute, and glancing at the beautiful face at the end of the table, I saw in the pale lips and yearning eyes that the mother was offering up her first-born, that ancient sacrifice. But not all the agony of sacrifice could wring from her entreaty or complaint in the hearing of her sons. That was for other ears and for the silent hours of the night. And next morning when she came down to meet us her face was wan and weary, but it wore the peace of victory and a glory not of earth. Her greeting was full of dignity, sweet and gentle; but when she came to Graeme she lingered over him and kissed him twice. And that was all that any of us ever saw of that sore fight.

At the end of the week I took leave of them, and last of all of the mother.

She hesitated just a moment, then suddenly put her hands upon my shoulders and kissed me, saying softly:

"You are his friend. You will sometimes come to me?"

"Gladly, if I may," I hastened to answer, for the sweet, brave face was too much to bear; and till she left us for that world of which she was a part I kept my word, to my own great and lasting good. When Graeme met me in the city at the end of the summer he brought me her love, and then burst forth:

"Connor, do you know, I have just discovered my mother! I have never known her till this summer."

"More, fool you," I answered, for often had I, who had never known a mother, envied him his.

"Yes, that is true," he answered slowly; "but you cannot see until you have eyes."

(Continued next week)

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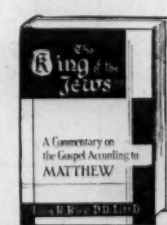
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